YESTERDAY.

Why should ye troop
About my way,
Oh! pallid ghosts
Of yesterday?
Why wake me
From my fitful sleep,
To think of sorrows
Past, though deep

Shine, brightly shine,
Fair morning sun,
And gild my darkness
As I run.
Bloom, sweetly bloom,
Ye flowers of May,
Above the graves
Of yesterday

We will not waste
Life's precious time
In chanting sorrow's
Mournful rhyme;
But, as we watch,
And as we pray,
We'll heed the lesson
Of to-day.
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Weekly.

A PICKANINNY PREACHER

Wonderful Doings of a Little Negro Girl Evangelist.

A South Carolina Squire's Story of the Child Who Is Preaching the Gospel with Such Power to Black and White.

About a dozen prominent members of the southern colony in New York met in the lobby of a down-town hotel the other evening to talk over old times with a genuine old South Carolina "squire," who is spending a few days in the city, says the New York Sun. This gentleman of the old school acquired the title of squire in the old days, when it was a little above that of "judge," and far above that of "colonel," as a mark of popularity and dignity, and he wears it gracefully still.

"Squire, suppose we all take something," suggested the big colonel from Kentucky.

"I can't do it, boys," responded the squire, and a far-away look came into his kindly eyes. "You see, I've stopped."

"Wh-e-w," whistled the colonel, with a long-drawn-out sound like a fall wind. "I can hardly believe you." And every man in the party looked as if he was thinking the same thing, but none made any comment.

"How did such a misfortune come upon you?" finally ventured a Virginian, after the first great wave of surprise had subsided, for they all knew that for nearly forty years the squire had taken his toddy three times daily after meals to aid his digestion.

"Well, boys, it was this way," he said. "The little nigger girl preacher converted me, and I've dropped a good many of my old ways, such as cussin', swearin', and drinkin'. I reckon you maybe all read that little editorial about her in the Sunday's Sun suggesting that she should come to New York and preach in Madison Square garden. Well, all I've got to say is, if she comes you must all go to hear her, and if her sermon don't touch your hearts more than all the Parkhurstian bombs and Talmagic Roman candles that you've listened to since you moved to this district, then I'll go back to my wicked ways."

"Who'd ever have thought that what a durned little pickaninny had to say would influence a man of your common sense, squire?" spoke up the oldest man in the crowd, testily. "I wouldn't have believed it of you. What manner of child is she, anyway, and where did she come from?"

"I don't know a great deal about her past history, which is a very short one, as she is only nine years old," commenced the squire, as he took a long draw at a corn-cob pipe, "but she was born near Washington, somewhere in Virginia, I think, in the fall of '85. Her daddy was a preacher, and died three or four years ago. This child, whose full name is Claretta Nora Avery, has always eagerly attended religious services and taken a great interest in the spiritual welfare of her people. She says that the love of God entered her heart when she was a year and a half old, and has never left it, but of course you all won't believe that, for no genuine darky has any idea of time. I'd been hearing and reading a good deal about her, and not believing much, and when business carried me to a small town in the lower part of the state, where she was holding a meeting, I decided to go around to the church to hear her. It was quite late, and I got there just in time to catch the last sentence of her sermon.

"I'm going to stay in the field here until I die, and when death comes, some time, 'way over yonder, where my Jesus is, I'll live there too, singing always that new song with Him in glory.'

"Her voice had a mournful ring in it, and the little creature made a most pathetic picture as her head bobbed up from behind the pulpit and her great eyes roved over the congregation in an appealing way. She looked about her wearily and sadly for a moment, but soon a radiant light fell upon her face, for her sermon had struck home, and she knew it; the entire congregation began to sing, and the queer part of it all was, they began to sing the same thing. Soon some began to chant, while others cried aloud, moaning and bewailing their sins. You talk about your paid choirs. There isn't enough money in New York to buy such music as I heard that night. The voices were rich and full and sweet, and a minor chord that touched one's very soul was the predominating sound.

"Sermons and music have a most electrifying effect upon a colored congregation, and this one was soon wrought up to the highest pitch of religious excitement. Some of the mo'ners prostrated themselves on their faces, beating the bare floor with their hands until they were worn out, when they would lie in what is termed a trance. Others crawled on their knees to the pulpit. Many of them sat in the midst of this uproar and appeared neither to see nor hear, so intent were they in working out their own salvation. In the meantime the old sisters, who were sure of Heaven, kept on singing to keep things going. The leader that night was a regular old-time, befo'-the-war mammy, and goodness fairly beamed from her countenance.

"'I bin a li-ar so long, so long—
So long, so long;
I bin a li-ar so long,'

she chanted in a weird, pathetic voice, and every person in the congregation who was able to lift his or her voice chanted the refrain at the end of every three lines:

"'Gin me a little time ter pray.'

"Every one was in motion. Some swayed their bodies backward and forward, some shuffled their feet in time to the music, and the very happy ones clapped their hands and shouted: 'Glory, my Lawd!' This kept up for hours. Several prostrate forms were carried out, and a number were left in the church, where they lay until next day. When I got tired and went away that night the little preacher, utterly worn out, had curled herself up in a splint-bottom chair, and was enjoying the sleep of innocent childhood. I could hardly sleep that night for thinking about that meeting. I tell you, boys, I was impressed."

"I always thought you were above such superstition, squire," remarked some one, as the squire stopped to refill his pipe.

"Well, anyway, I went back the next night," resumed the squire, "and for the first time got a good view of the little preacher. She is a perfect child in looks and ways. Her complexion is about the color of an old mustard ground ginger cake, her teeth white and even, the whites of her large, mournful eyes prominent, and she doesn't weigh more than sixty or seventy pounds. There were a lot of white people in the congregation, but she took no notice of them. Curiosity prompted me to go to listen to her, but interest held me there. She spoke right out in the most earnest way, as if her only thought was preaching the Gospel. Her delivery and gestures were easy, and, in fact, what she said and the way she said it beat nine-tenths of the preachers—especially these evangelists—white or black.

"She opened service with a very good prayer, and read, or rather recited, a chapter from the Bible, which did not bear on the sermon in the least. Her one thought seems to be to prepare for the Great Beyond, which she designates as 'way over yonder.' She talks about the hereafter in a most pathetic way, and I remember on that particular night her text was: 'Business in Heaven.'

"'I'll meet you there, sinner,' she said, 'for I got business with Capt. Jesus. I must 'tend to it. I must go where partin' is no mo'. I got to put on a long white robe, a starry crown, silver slippers, and sit at my Master's feet. I'll meet you over yonder, way over yonder, for we all got to cross Jordan stream dry shod and go over yonder. I'll meet you there, sad-hearted mothers. I'll meet you there, wicked fathers. I'm going to get inside those pearly gates. Are you? Are you? Sinner, you must get right. Learn it now. Now is the time. Way over yonder may be too late for you,' and so on. Night after night I went, and each time she had a new sermon, each one containing a sad strain.

"She made a pathetic figure, always clad in deepest black without the slightest touch of color, that children love so well, or the faintest suggestion of an ornament. When occasion demanded she rebuked thoughtless persons for bad behavior in a few clear-cut, kind sentences, and went right on with her sermon. If the Gospel grinders would only learn that it isn't these staggering truths, which cannot be grasped by the average mind, but a doctrine of simple, earnest faith that arouses people to better living. But they never will. Now it was the sincerity of the little nigger, and the earnestness of her followers, that impressed me, and, while I can't say that she converted me, she certainly set me to thinking, and I concluded to leave off doing certain things.

"I wanted to give her something, and couldn't make up my mind what to buy her. She reads poorly, and can scarcely write at all, but somehow she didn't seem like a child that would care for toys. Finally, in a sort of desperation, I settled on a large wax doll with highly colored cheeks and a mass of yellow hair. If you could have seen her antics of delight when she found that it was all her own. She clasped it to her as if she would never let it go, and then she told me that she used always to preach sermons to her dolls, and that the people who overheard her persuaded her to preach to people, which was the very thing she had always longed to do.

"Everybody agrees that she is a wonder, and I tell you she is. Many white people think her inspired, and the blacks believe that she is sent directly from God as a warning, and that the judgment day is coming soon. I don't know, because I've never thought a great deal about such things. But I do think she is entirely different from any little child that I've ever seen, and I shall never, never forget her, with her solemn ways and her unceasing warnings about what we must do and must not do 'if we want to meet each other when we get home, way over yonder.'"

There was a great shuffling of feet, coughing and clearing of throats among the squire's visitors as he concluded, and the blustering gentleman from Kentucky began to denounce the excise law in loud tones. But the squire looked at the rings of smoke as he blew them upward from his corn-cob pipe, and had little to say the rest of the evening.

—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let everyone enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. If you cannot persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the judge of all.—John Wesley.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

PEACE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

There's a voice across the nation like a mighty ocean hail,
Borne up from out the southward as the seas before the gale;
Its breath is in the streaming flag and in the flying sail—
As we go sailing on.

'Tis a voice that we remember—ere its summons soothed as now—
When it rang in battle challenge, and we answered vow with vow—
With roar of gun and hiss of sword and crash of prow with prow—
As we went sailing on.

Our hope sank even as we saw the sun sink faint and far—
The ship of state went groping through the blinding smoke of war;
Through blackest midnight lurching, all uncheered of moon or star—
Yet sailing—sailing on.

As One who spake the dead awake, with life blood leaping warm,
Who walked the troubled waters, all unscathed, in mortal form,
We felt our Pilot's presence, with his hand upon the storm—
As we went sailing on.

O voice of passion lulled to peace, this dawning of to-day—
O voices twain now blent as one, ye sing all fears away;
Since foe and foe are friends, and lo! the Lord as glad as they—
He sends us sailing on.
—James Whitcomb Riley, at Louisville.

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

Heard Only by the Mind, But It Told of a Soldier's Death.

"An active fighter through the late war—a man who kept well up with the procession of tragedies—naturally witnessed and experienced many melancholy happenings. The four years were to me an unbroken chain of instances of man's inhumanity to man and of strange, and, in many cases, heartrending coincidences. Thirty years of active business life have, of course, served to blot from my memory many of these stirring panoramas; but there is one so weird and so full of melancholy interest that it will remain with me as long as life lasts." So spoke an old confederate soldier. "It occurred way back in '61. We were camped near Lookout Mountain, Tenn. It was the day before the battle of Missionary Ridge. In one of the commands was a handsome young lieutenant from Carroll county, Ga. I cannot for the life of me remember his name, but I remember distinctly how he looked. He was a gallant, spirited, intelligent fellow.

"On the afternoon before the battle he received a box from home. He had a wife and five children, and each of them sent some little remembrance. Among the contents was a neat suit of clothes. The lieutenant promptly and joyfully entered his tent and donned his new suit. When he emerged with it on, his face wore a worried look, and, in surprise, we asked the cause of his anxiety. 'Boys,' said he, 'you all know that I am no coward nor sensationalist, but somehow the moment I put this suit on I realized that I would never live to wear the creases out of it. I am as certain to be killed in to-morrow's fight as that to-morrow comes.' We attempted to ridicule his notion, but he continued so serious in his belief that we desisted and left him to figure himself in a better humor. His mind not having changed the next morning, his company insisted on his not entering the fight in the face of his strange conviction. The captain of his company was absent, however, and the lieutenant positively refused to stay out, saying an officer should lead his men whenever and wherever his duty called him. At the head of his company, he plunged that day into the thickest of the fight. My company was near his. Almost at the same instant each of our bodies caught a bullet. We were carried to the side and placed near each other under a tree. It was evident the young lieutenant's prediction was soon to be fulfilled. Twenty minutes after he was shot he died.

"But now comes the strangest part of the story, the part which most affected me, and which I always hesitate to relate," continued the colonel. "In the last moments of that young soldier's life, while he was lying there dying, with his head in the lap of a poor comrade, I heard him moan: 'My poor wife and five little children! What will become of them?' He died a few minutes afterward, just at the noon hour.

MY POOR WIFE AND FIVE LITTLE CHILDREN.

"My wound was not serious, and I was out again in a couple of days. As I was limping around the young Georgia soldier in whose arms Lieut. —— had died, ran up to me and inquired if I had communicated the fact of the soldier's death to his wife. I replied that I had not; that I did not know even the name or residence of the unfortunate man, and only had a few hours' camp acquaintance with him. 'Read this,' he said, handing me a letter directed to the dead lieutenant. It was written by his wife, and expressed her intense anxiety. It was dated on the afternoon of the day on which the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought. The loving wife wrote that at noon of that day, as she sat musing miles away in Georgia on the events of those stormy times, she was startled by what she thought was the voice of her husband moaning plaintively: 'My poor wife and five little children! What will become of them?' The voice was, she said, so distinctly that of her husband that she rushed to the door, and, not finding him there, searched about over the place for him. She wrote that she could not reconcile the occurrence, and that it had added to her anxiety. She begged her husband to hasten a reply that she might know her fright had been a foolish one.

"I helped the honest soldier write the melancholy letter advising the loving wife of her husband's brave conduct and untimely death. We told her all of the circumstances that led to it and sent her all of his simple belongings and the gifts he had received on the eve of the battle, excepting the fatal suit. That was burned by the sturdy comrade of the unfortunate victim as though it had been a thing of evil."—Atlanta Constitution.

MOSES AND THE GUERRILLAS.

The Freebooters Clean Out the Peddler's Stock.

Forrest, the great confederate cavalry commander, was not without a sense of humor, although a stern man in the saddle at the head of his troopers. Here is a story which was current in his corps and always brought a smile to his handsome, dark face.

One day after his raid toward Memphis some of his cavalrymen overtook a Jew, with a one-horse wagon full of all sorts of goods, which he was peddling. They halted him.

"Hello, Sheeny; what have you got in that wagon?"

"Oh, gentlemens, gentlemens, I svear by my father's grave I have nothings but some little threads and needles and dings for de ladies."

The cavalrymen proceeded to go through that wagon and fit themselves

"DOES SOJER MENS VAS STOP MY VAGIN."

out with boots, shoes, shirts, hats, blankets, tin cups, pipes, tobacco and Tennessee whisky. The peddler begged, wept and pleaded to no purpose. Then the worm turned:

"I report you every one. The general will make business with you for dis."

The cavalrymen rode off loaded with their plunder, laughing and joking. The Jew followed on up to headquarters.

"General," said he, choking with wrath, "does sojer mens vas shtop my vagin on de rote and one sojer man, he say: 'Moses, dot hat on you hed vas too big for you, we will swap even,' and he takes off my bran new hat, vat I vas pay five dollars in greenbacks for, wholesale, and he jam down on my head his old gray wool hat, full of holes. An den another sojer man he ride up and he say 'Moses, dot coat don't fit you in the back and dem boots is too tight for you; I'se afraid they give you corns.' And he pull 'em off, and den they takes everything occept the mule and de vagin. I vos ax dem sojer mans vat dey vas.

"'Guerrillas, Moses, guerrillas,' and den dey winked at me and laughed fit to kill theyself.

"Pouf! Dey called demselves guerrillas, but I tinks dey acts more like robbers."—Washington Post.

A HUNGRY TEXAN.

He Ate Up All the Food on the General's Table.

Mr. Goss, in his "Recollections of a Private," quotes the remarks of a confederate about two famous leaders under whom he fought. This man said of Stonewall Jackson: "If you-uns had some good general like him, I reckon you-uns could lick we-uns." When asked whether he had ever seen Gen. Lee, he replied: "Yes, I was a sort of orderly for 'Uncle Robert' for awhile. He's a mighty calmlike man when a fight is going on." This story is told of Gen. John B. Magruder:

"Our Gen. Magruder thinks a powerful heap of what he eats and wears. He allers has a right smart of truck.

"There was a Texas feller one time who had straggled from his brigade, and he were a pert one; he were, stranger. He were hungry enough to eat a general, buttons and all—that Texas feller were. He saw Magruder's table all spread, with a heap of good things on it, and I'll be hanged if he didn't walk in, pert as you please, grabbed a knife and fork and opened fire all along the line on them fixin's.

"Magruder heard something in his tent and hurried in and asked that Texas chap what brought him thar. The Texan 'lowed he were hungry. Then the general, stiff and grand-like, said: 'Do you know, sir, at whose table you are eatin'?'

"The Texan chap kept drivin' in the pickets on them chick'ns, and he said to the gen'ral, said he: 'No, old hoss; and I ain't noways partic'lar, neither, since I've come solderin'.'"

"What did Magruder do?" asked a Yankee listener.

"Do? Why, he saw them chicken fixin's were spiled, and he jest put his arm under his coat-tail, pulled his hat over his eyes and walked out. And that Texas hoss didn't leave anything on that thar table 'cept the plates—not even his compliments.

"Who were he? Well, no matter. He hadn't no manners, he hadn't, stranger, that chap were."—Chicago